The Disapointed Maid; or the BREECHES.

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TO WHICH ARE ADDED

II. The FLOWER of TYRONE.

III. The COCHING OLD MAN.

IV. WANDRING SAILOR

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THE COUGHING OLD MAN.

EACH female ſo pretty in country and city,
I pray you will pitty a languiſhing maid,
That is daily vexed and nightly perplexed,
All by my old huſband I wiſh he was dead;
He is croſs grain'd and crooked and dotingly ſtupid,
And has nomore ſenſe than a young ſucking calf,
Altho' he lies by me he ne'er can enjoy me,
For ſtill when he is noodling he is killed with the cough.

The very firſt night that he came to bed to me,
I longed for a trial at Venus's game,
But to my ſad vexation and conſternation,
His hautboy was feeble and weak in the main;
For inſtead of pleaſing he only kept teazing,
To him then I turn'd my back in a huff,
Said he my dear Jenny I beg you will not blame me,
A chuſhla ſe ſthore oh! I'm killed with the cough.

This doating old creature a remnant of nature,
His ſhins are as ſharp as the edge of a knife,
His knees they are colder than ſnow on a mountain,
He ſtands more in need of a nurſe than a wife;
I by him ſit weeping whilſt he lies a ſleeping,
Like a hog in a ſtie he does grunt and puff,
A wheezing and barking both ſneezing and ſa—g,
And worſe than all that he's killed with the cough.

His breath it does ſtink like aſafœtada,
His blubring and ſlabring I can't bear,
Or each night when I lie beſide him,
He muſt have a ſpitting cup placed on his chair;

His noſe and his chin are join'd together,
His tawney old ſkin is yellow and tough,
Both trembling and ſhaking like one in the ague,
Still ſmothering and ſpitting and killed with the cough.

For ſake of curſed money my father has undone me,
By making me wed this doating old man, (me,
Altho' ſome they might ſhame me what maid can blame
To crown him with horns as ſoon as I can;
What ſignifies treaſure without pleaſure,
I'm young and would have enjoyment enough,
And not to be tied to a gowty old fellow,
That's wither'd and worn and killed with the cough.

Since fortune to me has prov'd ſo cruel,
In brief my intention to you I'll relate,
If he does not alter and for the better,
No longer on him I mean to wait;
I'll have a look out for ſome rouſing young fellow,
That's able to give me ſome reaſon to laugh,
If ſuch I can find then I'll ſwap my old coucold,
And pitch to the vengeance himſelf and his cough.

The FLOWER of TYRONE.

COME all you pretty fair maids I pray you give ear,

Unto theſe few lines and you quickly ſhall hear;
I was courted by a young man that calls me his love,
But I am afraid he will inconſtant prove.

He often vowed that he did me adore,
But I ſee him quite regardleſs of the oaths that he ſwore;
He ſtill took for witneſs the powers above,
That he would be as true as the pure turtle dove.

'Tis now I muſt own his intention was juſt,
Fair maids ought to be cautious of young men at firſt;
I thought it more prudent for to let him be,
'Till I would make trial of his honeſty.

Of a fine Summers Evening beneath yon green ſhade
Where nature her pride with freſh laurels diſplay'd,
On a ſoft bed of violets as muſing I lay,
This young man drew nigh me and this he did ſay.

Suſan dear Suſan my beautiful Queen,
Come tell me my jewel when will you be mine;
It's do not be cruel but grant me your love,
Or if you deny me my ruin you'll prove.

'Tis at our next meeting I'll aſſuage your pain,
No longer my jewel you'll have cauſe to complain;
Each night I would be happy to be with my dear,
And in his arms I would ſleep without fear.

Believe me you maidens for now I'll declare,
This young man's kind ſpeeches my heart did enſnare;
He ſays I'm a traytor that has ſtole his heart,
But with that and all 'tis I feels the ſmart.

If I was a ſcholar theſe words for to write,
Or was I a headpiece theſe words to indite;
But ſince I want learning theſe words for to pen,
I muſt be admitted and ſo theſe words do end.

The Diſappointed Maid; or the BREECHES.

THRO' innocence an honeſt friend,
Reveal'd to me the other night,
How he in raptures ſtole to bed,
To his true love and fond delight;
Some time with her he toy'd and kiſs'd,
At length ſhe ſaid you muſt begone,
And who could blame her to be vex'd,
To find his breeches button'd on.

In penſive thought this young man ſeem'd
Much griev'd at what ſhe had epxreſs'd,
Then ſhe replyed you ſimpleton,
Who'd lie with you when not undreſs'd;
I commend this charming maid,
For what ſhe hath both ſaid and done,
She ſhould have kick'd him out of bed,
For coming with his breeches on.

Her comely grace and beauteous face,
Much fairer than the white lilly,
Her golden hair in treſſes were,
Dangling to her gentle knee;
Her limbs complete and carriage neat,
Like Venus as ſhe mov'd along,
I wiſh I had her here in her ſmock,
And I wthout my breeches on.

Had I that laſs in undreſs,
Around her I would gently twine,
My lips to hers I'd cloſely preſs,
Perhaps to me ſhe would incline;
Nor like the clown who repines,
For loſing of his only one,
He repents and relents,
That he had kept his breeches on.

If I had that maiden fair,
Like mother Eve in Parradiſe,
In naked buff, and patch quite rough,
I'd buckle to her in a trice;
When extended on a bed,
I would not act the ſimpleton,
But ſoon acquaint her maidenhead,
I had came without my breeches on.

That ſilly ſimple empty clown,
Who would not pleaſe the maid,
Whilſt he is alive or doth ſurvive,
May every female him degrade;
I wiſh that he may be,
A laughing ſtock for every one,
And when he is dead and laid in the grave,
That he may have his breeches on.

Now young men pray be adviſ'd by me,
Never ſee a maid in diſtreſs,
Not like that clown who did not know,
What raptures flow from nakedneſs;
So elevate the flowing glaſs,
And toaſt a health to each young man,
Likewiſe the maid that wou'd not dread,
A man without his breeches on.

Wandering Sailor

THE wand'ring ſailor plows the main,
A competence in life to gain,
Undaunted braves the ſtormy ſeas,
To find at laſt content and eaſe;
In hopes when toil and danger's o'er,
To anchor on his native ſhore,
When winds blow heard and mountains roll
And thunders ſhakes from pole to pole,
The dredful waves ſurroumding foam,
Still flattaring fancy wafts him home:
In hopes when toils, &c.
When round the bowl the jovial crew,
The early ſcenes of life renew,
Tho' each his favorite laſs will boaſt,
This is the univerſal toaſt,,
May we when toil and danger's o'er,
Caſt anchor on our native ſhore.

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